The Braes o' Gleniffer.

To which are added,

THE COGIE.

The Sprig of Shilela and Shamrock so green.

Nothing at all.

AND

Jockey to the Fair.

Stirling, Printed by C. Randall

The Braes o' Gleniffer

KEEN blaws the wind o'er the Braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld caſtle turrets are cover'd wi' ſnaw;
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi my love
Amang the broom buſhes by Staneley green ſha
The wild flow'rs o' ſimmer were ſpread a' ſae bonn
The mavis ſang ſweet frae the green birken tre
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Jo
nie,
An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me.

Then ilk thing around us was blytheſome an' chee
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whiſtling dre
An' naething is ſeen but the wide ſpreading ſna
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dow
They ſhake the cauld drift frae their wings as t
flee,
An' chirp out their plaints ſeeming wae for my Jo
nie,
'Tis winter to them and 'tis winter to me.

Yon cau'd ſleety cloud ſkiffs alang the bleak mo
tain
An' ſhakes the dark firs on the ſtay rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the ſnaw-flu
fountain,
That murmur'd ſae ſweet to my laddie an' me!
It's no its loud roar on the wintry win' ſwellin'
It's no the cauld blaſt brings the tears i' my ee,

BRITISH MUSEUM
28 AUG 46

THE ECHO DUET.

Now hope and fear my bosom rending,
Alternate bid each other cease,
Soon shall death, thy terrors ending,
Calm each transient thought to peace,
Hark! a murmuring sound repeating,
Every stifled sigh I hear!
What can set this bosom beating,
Alas! 'tis mingled hope and fear!
Now they cease, this way retiring,
And all is awful silence round,
Ah, sure those notes, dear maid, were thine,
Th' echoing sounds alone were mine.

'Tis her voice that meets my ear,
Say where art thou, whose voice I hear,
Oh, quickly speak, no longer roam,
To give thee liberty I come.
Soft, love, 'tis I; relief is near,
Where art thou now? I'm here.
This way advance, and you are free,
This way to light and liberty.

SAILOR BOY.

In slumber of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind,

But watch-worn and weary his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his mind;
He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bow'rs,
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn;
Whilst mem'ry stood sideways, half-cover'd with tears,
And restor'd every rose, but secreted a thorn.

The jessamine clambers in flow'rs o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall,
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch:
And the voice of belov'd ones reply to the call,
A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite,
With lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, never again,
Shall peace, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay,
Unblest, and unhonour'd, down deep in the main,
Full many score fathom thy form shall decay:
Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll,
Earth loosens thy body, for ever and aye,
Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul.

His heart is good-humour'd, 'tis honeſt and ſound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found:
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
'Tis all for love for in that he delights,
With his Sprig of Shilela and Shamrock ſo green.

Who has e'er had the luck to ſee Denny-brook fair,
An Iriſhman all in his glory is there,
With his Sprig, &c.
With clothes ſpick and ſpan new, without e'er a ſpeck
A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck:
He goes to a tent and he ſpends half-a-crown,
He meets with his friend, and for love knocks him down.
With his Sprig, &c.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart ſoft with whiſky, his head ſoft with blows,
From a ſprig, &c
He meets with his Shilela, who bluſhing a ſmile,
Cries get ye gone Pat, yet conſents all the while,
To the prieſt they ſoon go, and nine months after that
A fine babby cries, how d'ye do, father Pat,
With your Sprig, &c.

Bleſs the country, ſays I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bleſs the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grows the Shilela, &c.
May the ſons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foes that dare land in our confines a cannon,
United and happy at loyalty's ſhrine,
May the Roſe and the Thiſtle long flouriſh and twine
Round the Sprig of Shilela and Shamrock ſo green

Nothing at all

In Derry Down Dale when I wanted a mate,
I went with my daddy a courting to Kate,
With my noſegay ſo fine and my holiday clothes,
My hands in my pockets, a courting I goes;
The weather was cold and my boſom was hot,
My heart in a gallop, my mare in a trot;
Now I was ſo baſhful and loving withal,
My tongue ſtuck to my mouth and I ſaid, nothing at all,
But ſol de rol.

When I got to the door I look'd lumpiſh and glum,
The knocker I held 'twixt my finger and thumb,
Tap went the raper, and Kate ſhew'd her chin,
She chuckl'd, and duckl'd I bow'd and went in.
Now I was baſhful as baſhful could be,
And Kitty poor ſoul was as baſhful as me;
So I bow'd. and ſhe grinn'd, and I let my hat fall,
Then I ſmil'd, ſcratch'd my head, and ſaid nothing at all,
But ſol de rol.

If baſhful was I, no leſs baſhful the maid,
She ſimper'd, and toy'd with her apron ſtring play'd,
Till the old folks impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed little Kitty and I ſhould be one,
In ſilence we young folks, ſoon nodded conſent,
Hand in hand to the church to be married we went,
Where we anſwer'd the parſon in voices ſo ſmall,
Love, honor, obey, and a—— nothing at all,
But ſol de rol.

HER MOUTH, WHICH A SMILE.

Her mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half open to view,
Is the bud of the rose.
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath,
Than the flower-scented heath,
At the dawing of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Young Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gather'd sweets from many a flower,
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine.

Young Love, &c.

The Graces there were culling posies,
The Graces, &c.
And found young Love among the roses.

O happy days! O joyous hour!
Compose a wreath of ev'ry flow'r;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.
Eternal spring the wreath composes;
Content is Love among the roses.

Young Love, &c.

FINIS